

The Comickall Historie of

Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of bloud.

Anth. I am a tainted Weather of the flocke,
Meetest for death, the weakeſt kinde of fruit
Drops earlieſt to the ground, and ſo let me;
You cannot better be imploy'd, *Baſſanio*,
Then to live ſtill and write mine Epitaph?

Enter Nerriſſa.

Duke. Came you from *Padua* from *Bellarion*?

Ner. From both: my *L. Bellario* greets your Grace.

Baſſ. Why doſt thou whet thy knife ſo earneſtly?

Jew. To cut the forfeiture from that Bankrout there.

Grat. Not on thy ſoule: but on thy ſoule harſh Jew,
Thou mak'ſt thy knife keene: but no mettle can,
No, not the hangmans axe beare halfe the keenneſſe
Of thy ſharp envie: can no prayers pearce thee?

Jew. No, none that thou haſt wit enough to make.

Grat. Obe thou damn'd, inexecrable dog,
And for thy life let juſtice be accuſd;
Thou almoſt mak'ſt me waver in my faith,
To hold opinion with *Pythagoras*,
That ſoules of Animals infuſe themſelves
Into the trunks of men: Thy curriſh ſpirit
Govern'd a Wolfe, who hang'd for humane ſlaughter,
Even from the gallows did his fell ſoule flee,
And whileſt thou layeſt in thy unhallowed durance;
Infuſd it ſelfe in thee: for thy deſires
Are wolviſh, bloody, ſtarv'd, and ravenous.

Jew. Till thou canſt raile the ſcale from off my Bond,
Thou but offeſt thy lungs to ſpeake ſo loud:
Repaire thy wit good youth, or it will fall
To cureleſſe ruine. I ſtand for Law.

Duke. This letter from *Bellarion* doth commend
A young and learned Doctor to our Court:
Where is he?

Ner. He attendeth here hard by,
To know your answer whether youle admit him.

Duke. With all my heart: ſome three or foure of you

Go

the Merchant

Go give him courteous conduct to
Meane time the Court ſhall hear

Your Grace ſhall underſtand,
I am very ſicke, but in the inſtant
My viſitation was with me a y
Balthaſar: I acquainted him wi
tween the *Jew* and *Antonio* the
books together, he is furniſhed
with his own learning, the gre
commend, comes with him at
Graces requeſt in my ſtead. I be
no impediment to let him lack a
knew ſo young a body with ſo c
Gracious acceptance, whoſe try
mendation.

Enter Portia for

Duke. You heare the learn'd
And here I take it is the Doctor
Give me your hand, come you fr
Por. I did my Lord.

Duke. You are welcome, take
Are you acquainted with the diſ
That holds this preſent queſtion

Por. I am enformed through
Which is the Merchant here?

Duke. *Antonio*, and old *Shy*

Por. Is your name *Shylocke*?

Jew. *Shylocke* is my name.

Por. Of a ſtrange nature is th
Yet in ſuch rule, that the *Venetian*
Cannot impugne you as you do
You ſtand within his danger, do

Ant. I, ſo he ſayes.

Por. Do you confeſſe the Bo

Ant. I do.

Por. Then muſt the *Jew* be

Shy. On what compulſion mu